



## Choice Miscellany.

## LET US BE QUIET.

Let us be quiet! What is there to gain  
By fret and worry in this fleeting life?  
Alas, for all the self-inflicted pain!  
Alas for all the self-inflicted strife!

Let us be quiet! Winds and waters wage  
In vain the fiercest conflict ever known.  
They cannot reach a star, however they rage,  
Nor touch the base of God's eternal throne.

Let us be quiet when our foes conspire  
To do us evil or to thwart our good;  
When friends charge ill to all our right desire  
And best of motives are the ghosts arise—  
Those phantom creatures of night's fevered brain;  
They fly when morning's sun illumines the skies,  
And we behold the world in light again.

Let us be quiet! Passing years shall prove  
Purpose divine upon our welfare best.  
True wisdom, found in hand with deepest love,  
Works out for us the will omnipotent.  
—R. M. O'Neil, in N. Y. Observer.

## EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Her Early Life and Her Separation From Her First Husband.

In 1779, while the boys at Brienne were still tormenting the little untamed Corsican nobleman, and driving him to his garden fortalice, there to seek refuge from their taunts in company with his father, there had arrived in Paris from Martinique a successful planter of that island, a French gentleman of good family, M. Tascher de la Pagerie, bringing back to that city for the second time his daughter Josephine. She was then a girl of sixteen, without either beauty or education, but thoroughly matured, and with a quick Creole intelligence and a graceful litheness of figure which made her a most attractive woman. She had spent the years of her life from ten to fourteen in the convent of Port Royal. Having passed the interval in her native isle, she was about to contract a marriage which her relatives in France had arranged. Her betrothed was the younger son of a family friend, the Marquis de Beauharnais. The bride landed on October 20, and the ceremony took place on December 13. The young vicomte brought his wife home to a suitable establishment in the capital. Two children were born to them—Eugene and Hortense; but before the birth of the latter the husband quarreled with his wife for reasons that have never been known. The court granted a separation, and, in conformity to Mme. de Beauharnais, who some years later withdrew to her father's home in Martinique. Her husband sailed to America with the force of Bouille, and remained there until the outbreak of the revolution, when he returned, and was elected a deputy to the states general.

Becoming an ardent republican, he was several times president of the National assembly, and his home was an important center of influence. In 1790 M. Tascher died, and his daughter, with her children, returned to France. It was probably at her husband's instance, for she at once joined him at his country seat, where they continued to live as "brother and sister" until Citizen Beauharnais was made commander of the Army of the Rhine. As the days of the Terror approached, every man of noble blood was more and more in danger. At last Beauharnais' turn came; he, too, was denounced to the commune, and imprisoned. Before long his wife was behind the same bars. Their children were in the care of an aunt, Mme. Elgie, who had been and was again to be a woman of distinction in the social world, but had temporarily sought the protection of an old acquaintance, a former abbe who had become a member of the commune.

The gallant young general was not one of the forty-nine among whom he was finally summoned to the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. He died on June 23, 1794, true to his convictions, acknowledging in his farewell to his wife a fraternal affection for her, and committing solemnly to her charge his own good name, which she was to restore by proving his devotion to France. The children were to be her consolation; they were to wipe out the disgrace of his punishment by the practice of virtue and civility.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

## A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Intended for the Young Girl Who Indulges in Promiscuous Correspondence.

The Young Girl's Own, and other bread and milk journals are lavishly advised as to how to write to the Birdies and the Susies and Minnies and shall not write. The woman's page of daily journalism also contains warnings as to perils that lie in wait for the young woman who inclines toward promiscuous correspondence.

Various essayists have bewailed the decadence of letter writing, but this incessant admonition of Birdies to be discreet implies the existence of a class that is devotedly attached to correspondence. For the benefit of any Birdie who may read it the following little incident is given. About a week ago two well-dressed men seated themselves in an elevated train. Presently one of them pulled out a letter and handed it to his companion, who with demure began to read the four closely-written sheets. Finishing he said: "Oh! but that girl loves you, Dick. I don't understand why—when she is as fond of you as that letter indicates—why don't you go to see her often. Nice girl, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, she is a nice girl, and I suppose I ought to be more attentive."

The letter had been passed over and read with as little ceremony as if it had been a newspaper clipping, and its contents discussed with as little sentiment as if they were market reports. If the Birdies are disposed to write their little hearts out to their "gentlemen friends" perhaps the thought of this coarse public denunciation of a girl's confidence may deter them from putting it in the power of a dolt to belittle them in like manner.—Vogue.

## SHOES OF THE ANCIENTS.

They Were of Crude Construction and Lacked Heels.

Early shoes and boots would appear to have had very slight heels, if any at all, but when once the heels began to be made high and stilted the fashion became firmly fixed, and has lasted to the present day. It would be difficult to say exactly when high heels first appeared, but they were worn in England at least as long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century. They reached this country from Venice, and the Venetians imported them from Turkey. The Turkish original was a kind of patten, worn, doubtless, to raise the wearer above the dirt in

## Dr. Swan's

## Nerve and Blood Tonic

Is prepared at our laboratory under the personal supervision of Dr. John Swan, and by reason of its peculiar combination and process of preparation possesses wonderful curative powers. It tones the stomach and digestive organs, vitalizes the blood and builds up the entire system. It is recommended and prescribed by physicians for heart trouble and all nervous disorders. When using this medicine you may consider yourself under Dr. Swan's personal care and can consult him either in person or by letter without expense.

With every bottle we enclose a bank check, our guarantee that this medicine will do all we claim for it. If your druggist does not keep it we will send it direct to you, express paid, receipt of price. Full price, \$1.00.

## Dr. Swan's Tea Pills

Are guaranteed to cure every form of Nervous and Sick headache, also relieve Neuralgia, Rheumatism and kindred diseases. They will break up severe colds and fevers. Can be taken in form of a powder if desired. Price, 25 cents.

## Dr. Swan's Laxative

A Syrup of Five Fruits, an easy physic for parents and children. Pleasant to take. Small size, 25 cents. Large size, 50 cents.

Scales Medical Co., Westbrook, Me.

the plates to George Sand's "Travels," a well-known seventeenth-century book, the Turkish women are represented wearing these chopines, or "chopines," as English writers called them. In Venice they were in very common use. They were made of wood, covered with leather of different colors, and were often curiously painted and sometimes gilt. They were worn absurdly high, some being raised eighteen inches above the ground, the degree of nobility possessed by the lady wearing being indicated by the height of the chopine. On stilts of this kind, unassisted, walking naturally became no easy task, and hence was seen the ridiculous spectacle of a lady supported on each side by attendants, when she went abroad, so that she might not fall.

The word "chopine" was supposed by our older writers to be of Italian origin, and was often spelled chopino, and in the plural chopino, as if a genuine Italian word. But, strangely enough, notwithstanding the fashion that undoubtedly prevailed at Venice, the word does not appear in Italian dictionaries. It is probably of Spanish origin. The modern Spanish capulet means a dog with a cork-sole. He alludes to these exalted patterns in his welcome to the players, when he says: "By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine." This shows that the Venetian fashionable footwear was familiar to Elizabethan Englishmen, but its influence in the shape of high-heeled shoes had long before been felt.—N. Y. Advertiser.

## EUGENE Y. FATHER CONFESSOR.

A Wicked Little Man Who Was Once a Courtier and Confessor.

An Austrian clerical paper gives an interesting account of a man who, though once in the foreground of the most brilliant court in Europe and still living, has entirely disappeared from public notice. The writer saw him at M. de Lesseps' funeral—a pale, wizened little man with snow-white hair and beard. This man is Bernard Bauer, for a long time a bishop, father confessor to Empress Eugenie and a famous preacher. He pronounced the blessing on the Suez canal. He is by birth a Hebrew and a Hungarian. He took part in the Vienna revolution, was publicly embraced for his bravery by Kossuth, then became a prisoner and finally allowed Father Augustine, who was no other than the celebrated pianist, Herman Cohen, to convert him to Catholicism.

As Father Maria Bernard he delivered his famous sermons in Paris, which the empress attended. He was then particularly handsome, his pale face framed by a dark beard, his blue eyes full of expression. What was admired more than all else was the use he made of his delicate, beautifully-formed hands. The women raved of him, and he soon addressed all his sermons to them alone. The empress named him her confessor, and to please her he became a bishop. He became so much the fashion that he had not defended himself he might have spent the twenty-four hours in the confessional. When the republic succeeded the empire he gave up his priesthood and has since quietly enjoyed life.

## One Woman's Burglar Proof Barriade.

A spinster, who is of a timid disposition, was asked recently how she dared to live alone as she did. "I haven't much faith in locks and keys, nor in bolts and bars," she replied. "I know that a genuine burglar would snap his fingers at any of them. But I have a better protection than any of those, or than a dog that might be poisoned, or an alarm which I might have no opportunity to sound. My own sleeping-room is the only one I barriade in this manner, but I defy the housebreaker to get in there. Every night I roll my heavy bed against the locked door, or else I pull the chiffoier over there. No one outside could possibly push it to one side. And no one could get in unless he had a patent on this burglar-proof arrangement."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good they can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials Free.

## THE MODERN OYSTER STEW.

A Middle-Aged Man Contrasts It with the Stew of Before the War.

"When I was a boy, before the war," said a middle-aged man to a New York Sun reporter, "the price of an oyster stew in a good, ordinary restaurant was twelve and one-half cents. The price has gradually gone up, until now in a good restaurant an ordinary stew costs twenty-five cents. In the old restaurant there was a cloth upon the table, but this cloth, unless you happened to find it when just put on, was very apt to be frescoed with coffee stains. There were catsup and vinegar, and so on, some of them, perhaps, in bottles in a casket. Perhaps the waiter gave you a pickle or two. The light was not very bright. The waiter brought the stew in an oyster plate, and as the hot broth washed about a little in the plate as he carried it and set it down you were afraid it might burn his thumb. But the oysters were good. Let me pause to remark that the oyster is something to be grateful for.

"To-day the table, without a cloth, perhaps, is of cherry or mahogany, finely polished. For a cloth there is spread before you a napkin of ample dimensions and bright and fresh. The pickle is chopped up celery, and very good. You get two kinds of crackers, and plenty of them, and a generous portion of French bread. The butter comes in a slightly tilted cone. The table furniture is all good—dishes, glass, everything; the spread before you is agreeable to the eye and the whole scene is brilliantly lighted with the modern incandescent electric lights. The stew comes in an oval dish that rests upon a plate, and does not like to get out of such a well as I do out of a plate, but you know, at least, there is no danger burning the waiter's thumb. The oysters are good, the whole arrangement is away beyond the stew of the war. It costs more, but are we not better able to pay for it? For general get up and get, and dash and style and comfort, the old stew couldn't begin to compare with the modern. The oyster stew is one of the many things that we do an everlasting sight better than we did."

## SO VERY FUNNY.

The Senseless Retort of a Meaningless Expression.

If people considered what they are about to say, they often would not express themselves as they do. This is especially true of words which are used in a sense quite different from that which really belongs to them. Here is an extract in point from a dialogue overheard by a writer in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:

"Hello, my friend! How are you making it?" says one business man to another, meeting him on the street.

"Not very well. My business has gone to pieces, and I am becoming involved."

"That's funny! How did it happen?"

"Well, I was sick for six months, and my business ran down frightfully."

"That's funny! I was sick myself a year, and had to shut up my office and let everything go. It's funny how things overtake a man."

"Then my little girl died in the summer, and the loss has almost crazed my wife."

"Well, well, that's too bad. It's funny I never heard of it."

"Well, you know we don't advertise our afflictions any more than we can help. I suppose you heard of my brother's misfortune?"

"What? It's funny, but I never heard of that, either. When did it happen?"

"Six weeks ago."

"Well, it's funny I never heard of that!"

The chronicler thought he had heard enough "funny things" for once.

## PRODUCTS OF THE ROSE.

Countries Where the Rose is Extracted.

In a treatise on the rose and its odors some interesting facts in relation to that popular flower have been brought to light. Numerous varieties of roses are grown in America for ornamental purposes, but in most other countries the cultivation is carried on for the sake of the manufacture of essences. The art of distilling roses originated in Persia about 1012, and in 1084 it is certain that the attar of roses was made on a large scale at Shiraz. At the present day the odorous products of the rose are extracted in Bulgaria, France, Germany and, to some extent, in India, Persia, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco and Egypt. In Bulgaria the red damask rose is the favorite, while in the south of France the Provence rose—the cabbage rose of England—is cultivated commercially. But while much attention is generally given to the development of the color, form and size of the flower, the great possibilities of the beautiful petals in the generation of varieties of perfumes have been hitherto but imperfectly understood. There are experienced perfumers who can distinguish many species of rose in the dark, recognizing them by their perfumes, and it is found that exquisite effects can be produced by the crossing of varieties having special odorous characteristics. In fact, scents are almost as amenable to scientific combination as the notes of the musical scale, and the result of a happy blending of odors by cultivation is often as distinctive and charming as the sound of a rich, romantic harmony.

## Diamond Cutters Are Watched.

Not only is diamond cutting not a specially high paid occupation, but it is one involving a most humiliating system of espionage to the worker. Each man is held strictly to account for the stones he receives on going to work in the morning, and the count has to be carefully taken when the unfinished work is turned in at night to be locked up in a safe against the return of the workmen the next day. The possibilities of theft are great, though a dishonest workman knows that an attempt to dispose of an unfinished stone would bring suspicion upon him wherever the attempt was made.

## A Serious Effect.

"But I do not love you," she said to the man kneeling before her.

"I know, I know," he urged, "but I can overlook that."

"Why not?"

"Because I can't, and besides I don't want to marry you."

"But you must," he insisted. "I've told everybody we were to be married and just see what a disagreeable position I will be placed in by your refusing at this time."

"And still she wouldn't.—Detroit Free Press.

## HISTORY OF AN ACRE OF LAND ON THE EDGERLY FARM AT WEST PRINCETON, MAINE.

Originally part of a hard-wood ridge, covered with hemlock. Cleared in 1854, the land was planted to corn, and when it was sown to grain and grass. The hay was cut on it for six years, and no fertilizer or manure of any kind applied during that or during the next year, when it was plowed and sown to oats.

1880. In the fall the land was ploughed and planted to potatoes. Manured with 2,400 lbs. of Stockbridge Special Potato Manure. No other fertilizer or manure has been applied to this land except as stated hereafter. The yield of potatoes was 448 bushels. The full particulars of this crop were published in the American Agriculturist at the time. The land was ploughed again in the fall of 1880.

1891. In the spring two-thirds of the acre were sown with wheat, timothy, and clover, and one-third planted to carrots. A coating of stable manure, estimated at  $\frac{1}{2}$  cords, was applied to the wheat and carrots. The yield of wheat from the two-thirds of an acre was 30 bushels, machine measure, and of carrots from the one-third of an acre was 150 bushels.

1892. The portion where the carrots were sown to wheat and seeded down in the spring, and yielded 10 bushels of wheat. The two-thirds seeded the year before produced 3 tons of timothy and clover hay.

1893. The entire acre, being in grass, produced 2½ tons of clean timothy, the clover having been all winter-killed during the winter of 1892-93.

1894. Yield, 1½ tons hay.

I shall keep this acre in grass two years longer.

The yield for the five years was as follows:

Potatoes.....448 bushels.

Wheat.....40 "

Carrots.....40 "

Hay.....7 tons.

This was from only one application of 2,400 lbs. of Stockbridge Potato Manure.

EMERY E. EDGERLY.

## ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Be good to yourself by being good to others.

## Nervous People.

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache, can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives new, healthy and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

The cigarette is a beacon light that leads young men to destruction.

The latest results of pharmaceutical science and the best modern appliances are availed of in compounding Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Hence, through half-a-century its existence as a medicine. It is fully abreast of the age in all that goes to make it the standard blood-purifier.

Neglect your duty in the spring and prosperity will neglect you in the fall.

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

O, yes, we want a "square" dollar, but we also want one that will get round.

"Messrs. F. W. Kinsman & Co., Gents: I have sold your Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam over my counter for nine years, and I must say, that during an experience of twenty-six years in the retail drug business, I have never sold anything for coughs, colds, etc., that has given such universal satisfaction as your Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. I recommend it above all others."

"Yours truly,"

"J. S. CROSSLAND."

"357 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Don't expose your neighbor's shortcomings. Get him nominated for some office and the other fellows will do it.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old-well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Lozenges. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, five-cent boxes at all druggists.

Take a good paper and then take the good advice that it contains.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The worst kind of a fool is the one who makes a fool of himself.

## In Self-Defence.

You ought to keep your flesh up. Disease will follow, if you let it get below a healthy standard. No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure. This is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science, far surpassing cod liver oil and all its nasty compounds. It's suited to the most delicate stomachs. It makes the morbidly thin, plump and rosy, with health and strength restored.

The "Discovery" is claimed on trial. In everything that is sold on trial, it is a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and fleshmaker, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Rupture or breach permanently cured without the knife. Address for pamphlet and references, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

## MANUFACTURE OF WILD MEN.

Children Are Kidnaped in China and Slowly Transformed Into a Brutal Condition.

There are many curious trades in the world, but the most strange must surely be the "manufacture of wild men," says the Philadelphia Times.

Yet a well-known English doctor in China has just certified from his own personal experience that this art is regularly practiced in the Flowery Kingdom.

First a youth is kidnaped, then bit by bit he is flayed alive, and then the skin of a dog or bear grafted piece by piece upon him. His vocal chords are next destroyed by the action of charcoal to make him dumb, and the double purpose of causing "etiolation" of the skin and utter degradation of the mental faculties is effected by keeping him imprisoned in a perfectly dark hole for a number of years. In fact, by treating him like a brute for a sufficiently long time he is made into one.

At last he is exhibited to the entirely credulous Chinese as a wild man of the woods, and his possessors reap a rich harvest.

The priests, it seems, are adepts at the art. When a kidnaper, however, is caught by the people he is torn to pieces, and when the authorities get him they torture him and promptly behead him. Such is life under the rule of the Son of Heaven.

—Wife—"That new girl sleeps like a log, and I never can get her up." Husband (struck by a bright idea)—"Let the baby sleep with her."

## AWED BY THE TSAR.

His Wonderful Personality and Power Over His People.

Emperor Nicholas I., great-grandfather of the present young tsar, inspired the Russians with awe at the very beginning of his reign, says the Youth's Companion. His oldest brother, Alexander I., was childless and the next heir to the throne was Constantine, the second brother, Nicholas, being third.

But Alexander made Nicholas his heir by an edict, Constantine recognizing his own incapacity to become emperor. Nevertheless, when Alexander died, there was a conspiracy to put Constantine on the throne, and an immense crowd gathered before the equestrian statue of Peter the Great in the great square of St. Petersburg, to support three regiments of troops who had pledged themselves to carry out the plot.

Nicholas ordered several regiments to face the rioters, and rode forth surrounded by his staff and confronted the crowd. An officer galloped from the mutinous regiments, his right hand thrust into the breast of his uniform. The emperor advanced alone to meet him.

"What do you bring me?" asked Nicholas, when they halted at a sword's length from each other.

The emperor's fearless gaze unnerved the officer. His hand moved convulsively under his uniform; without saying a word he turned his horse and rode back to his associates.

"The tsar looked at me with such a terrible glance that I could not kill him," said he to those who loudly asked why he had not executed his purpose.

Once when the cholera was raging in St. Petersburg a howling mob was shouting that the nobles and the Jews had caused the terrible disease. Nicholas went into the midst of the crazed rioters and suddenly throwing back his cloak, exclaimed:

"Wretches! Down on your knees—down, everyone of you, and pray the Father in Heaven to pardon those sins that have brought the pestilence upon you; for it is those sins that have brought it into your homes!"

Awed by his mien and his words the vast mob fell on their knees in prayer.

## THE STRAIT SUEZ CANAL.

It Was Begun Centuries Before the Christian Era.

According to Herodotus, Pharaoh Necho, four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, commenced the construction of a canal branching out from the Nile and traversing the desert to the head of the gulf of Suez. When about half completed, and after the expenditure of an immense amount of labor, says Longman's Magazine, the work was abandoned, owing to an oracle which the king had consulted warning him that if the enterprise was completed, it would be for the benefit of his enemies, the barbarians, and probably entangle the nation in foreign complications.

The work was subsequently completed by Ptolemy II. and afterward restored by Trajan. The grand canal was stated as being far superior to any other canal in the known world. Its breadth was such that two galleys abreast could be navigated on it, and by it the riches and merchandise of the east were conveyed from the Red sea to the Nile, and thence to the Mediterranean. Strong opposition was raised during the construction, on the ground that the land through which it passed being below the level of the Red sea, the canal would be the means of flooding it. To overcome this difficulty a dam, or sluice, was placed across it, with doors which opened to give passage to the vessels, and then were closed again. After the lapse of several centuries this canal was allowed to go to ruin, but traces of it still remain.

## LESSONS TO SWEARERS.

Mild Reproof Administered to Preface.

The eccentric George Francis Train, while traveling in a parlor car, was annoyed by the many oaths with which several men interlarded their conversation. Determined to rebuke them, he joined in the talk, exclaiming again and again:

"Shovel, tons and poker!"

"The 'tsar' said one of the men at last, weary with the recurring exclamation, 'why do you use that nonsensical phrase?'"

"That is my way of swearing," answered Train; "and it is no more nonsensical and far less blasphemous than your oaths. I'll quit if you will."

There was no more swearing during the journey. The eccentric Christian described another lesson given to a swearing student.

A late distinguished president of one of our western colleges was one day walking near the college, with his slow and noiseless step, when a youth, not observing his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear profanely in his vernacular.

The doctor stepped up and said: "Give me the ax," and then quietly chopped the stick of wood. Returning the ax to the young man, he said in his peculiar manner: "You see now the wood can be cut without swearing."

## Why He Was Silent.

A physician describes, in the Atlanta Journal, a remarkable case of a patient's confidence in his physician:

When I was a student in Philadelphia I had a patient, an Irishman, with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put in its place I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty and I could not understand it. A week afterward, in removing this pin, I found that it had stuck hard and fast, and I was forced to remove it with the forceps. What was my astonishment, on making an examination, to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of through the cloth. "Why," said I, "didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?" "To be sure I did," replied the patient. "But I thought you knew your business, so I hit me tongue."

## Your Liver

Is out of order if you have bitter taste, offensive breath, sick headache, slight fever, weight loss, nervousness, etc.

Hood's Pills cure the liver, cure biliousness, restore proper digestion, expel accumulated impurities, cure constipation. 25 cents. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## KILL ALL BUGS

FAST. One acre in one hour. Easy to use. Only one bottle Paris Green to acre. No plaster or waste used. 400 bushels potatoes to acre. How to use it, see FREE. Will pay you to write.

The Hotchkiss & Tuttle Co., Wallingford, Conn.

## THERE

is no pleasure and no profit in growing small berries. Send for my catalogue of large varieties before ordering. I have an immense stock, the largest in England. Prices 20 per cent. less than last season's. Headquarters for the Sunbury Strawberry. S. PRATT, READING, MASS.

## AGENTS WANTED

YOU

## HOOD'S PILLS

Cure LIVER PILLS

heartburn, or nausea. Hood's Pills restore the liver, cure biliousness, restore proper digestion, expel

The Daniel Lawrence Farm  
Pittston, three miles from  
Hardiner. Contains one hun-  
dred acres; well watered;  
good buildings. Farming tools  
of GEO. N. LAWRENCE,  
18th



6-12-15-18-1 16-18-9-5-19-20.  
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ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

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For one line space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
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COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-  
scribers in Sagadahoc county.

Mr. J. W. KALLOON is now calling upon our  
subscribers in New Brunswick and Nova  
Scotia.

Mr. T. J. CABLE will call upon our sub-  
scribers in York county during April.

Amos S. Blake, who died in Water-  
bury, Conn., recently, constructed in  
1831, the first locomotive ever seen in  
New England.

W. W. Fuller of Durham, N. C., is to  
receive a salary of \$50,000 a year as chief  
attorney of the American Tobacco Com-  
pany.

A colored boy, the son of a barber,  
took the first prize in a recent oratorical  
contest at the University of Indiana, his  
subject being "Lincoln."

In Wisner, Neb., Mrs. McDermott car-  
ried her child four miles to be bap-  
tized. As it was blizzard weather she  
wrapped it up so closely against the  
cold that it was smothered before reach-  
ing the church.

The bones and muscles of the human  
body are capable of over 1,200 different  
movements. Ask any one who has had  
the grip the past winter, and you will be  
told that the statement is true; and  
furthermore, that these bones and mus-  
cles had their movements simultane-  
ously.

How the neighbors laughed when a  
farmer at the age of sixty years began to  
set out a large apple orchard, says the  
*Massachusetts Ploughman*. He is now  
over eighty, and for some years he has  
sold a crop of four or five hundred bar-  
rels of apples. That is better than life  
insurance, he thinks.

Kittie Benson, an eccentric colored  
character, has just died in Green county,  
Tenn., at the age of 115. She was born  
within ten miles of the place where she  
died. She was a cook for soldiers during  
the War of 1812, and just before the  
Civil War was sold for a box of tobacco,  
having become useless as a slave. She  
died at the home of a granddaughter,  
aged 63.

In this blessed Easter season, what  
more appropriate gift can you make a  
friend than the volume of New England  
stories, written by Olive E. Dana of  
this city, entitled "Under Friendly  
Eaves?" This choice bit of literature  
has received friendly notices from the  
leading papers and magazines of New  
England. It is in cloth, 300 pages, price  
\$1.25. For sale by leading booksellers  
everywhere, or mailed, postpaid, by the  
author, Augusta, Me.

The old Puritan way of our fathers  
was to

"Let dogs delight  
To bark and bite."

But the modern fad is to let a class of  
brutal men fight for the amusement of  
"gentlemen in all the walks of life."

The man who allows a dog fight, or even  
is present at one as a spectator, is  
promptly "pulled in" by the officers of  
the society with a long name. Prize  
fights are becoming so popular that  
pretty soon they may become a Sunday  
afternoon or evening entertainment.  
"The manly art of self-defense" has be-  
come the degraded sport of determining  
which of two brutes will endure the  
most brutal pounding.

The *Chicago Tribune* each day offers  
three prizes to school children for the  
best items of news, to be reported by the  
winners. This is the story that took  
first prize the other day. "Late Satur-  
day afternoon at Eggleston avenue and  
Seventy-first street, a cat and dog were  
having a monkey and parrot time, and  
in his haste to get into safe quarters Tabby  
ran up a convenient lamp post and into  
the glass globe, where it was safe. In  
bidding defiance to Fido it accidentally  
turned on the gas, from the effects of  
which poor pussy was soon beyond all  
fear of dogs, for it had been asphyxiated.  
It required two men and a boy to re-  
lease the dead cat from the place of its  
last earthly struggle."

A would-be smart lawyer in Baltimore  
the other day asked a witness, an old  
lady, if she thought people would have  
teeth in heaven. She said she could not  
answer that definitely, but she thought  
they would. One thing was certain,  
she added: "People would have teeth  
in the place allotted to the wicked, and  
she could prove it by Scripture." "How  
can you prove it?" said the lawyer.  
"Why," she replied, "the Scripture says  
the wicked shall be turned into utter  
darkness, where there shall be weeping,  
wailing and gnashing of teeth, and how  
could they gnash their teeth if they did  
not have any?" The attorney did not  
proceed any further on that line of ex-  
amination.

About the meanness and most cowardly  
way to convey insult is through the pub-  
lic prayer. Shall it be said that clergy-  
men of good standing resort to this, to  
pay off some old score on a member of  
the congregation? We notice that the  
Courts in Los Angeles, Cal., have grappled  
with the subject in a case brought be-  
fore them. The clergyman demurred,  
claiming that the statement was privi-  
leged because it was uttered in the  
course of a prayer before his congrega-  
tion in the First Methodist Episcopal  
church. The Court held that no prayer  
containing slander publicly uttered can  
be exempt from legal consequences, and  
no communication made by a pastor to  
his congregation is privileged because of  
such relation.

## AMERICA.

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love!  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

On Wednesday of last week the city of  
Boston honored itself and the nation by  
a grand testimonial of recognition to  
Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., the author of  
the National Hymn, "America," on the  
occasion of his eighty-sixth birthday.  
There were two immense meetings in  
Music Hall, afternoon and evening.

The audience in the afternoon was  
largely of school children, and in the  
evening of their fathers and mothers,  
but it would be hard to say which was  
the more enthusiastic in its welcome  
either of the author or of the hymn  
itself. The afternoon, intended as it  
was for children, was more largely de-  
voted to music than to speaking, al-  
though Dr. Smith, of course, made a  
short address of thanks, and Rev. Dr.  
Lorimer spoke briefly. A feature of the  
music was the singing by a choir of  
school children, sitting on the platform,  
200 strong, under the leadership of Mr.  
J. E. Holt.

Dr. Smith is 86 years old, but his  
voice, Wednesday, was as clear as a bell.  
It could be heard in every corner of every  
gallery, strong, distinct and vigorous.  
He spoke at length, but he spoke always  
to the point. He was, of course, the  
central figure of the occasion, both on  
the platform and in the mind of every  
one present, but had the meeting been  
held for another purpose, and he only  
present as an assistant, he would still  
have remained the most venerable and  
almost the most important figure of the  
occasion. Music Hall was beautifully  
decorated.

The testimonial was notable for the  
oratory which it brought out, but the  
great and imposing thing was the au-  
dience, and Dr. Smith, the old man,  
and the thousands who came to do him  
honor for writing, in a casual half hour  
of inspiration, 60 or more years ago, on  
a scrap of waste paper, the hymn which  
has come to be the most familiar and  
beloved of all hymns in the ears of 70-  
000,000 people.

The evening meeting began with music  
by Baldwin's Cadet Band, followed by  
an invocation by Prof. George Harris, D.  
D., of Andover, where Dr. Smith was  
a theological student when he wrote  
"America." Gov. Greenhalge presided,  
and made a most excellent address.  
"Let me make the songs of a people,  
and I care not who makes the laws,"  
quoted Gov. Greenhalge from Fletcher  
of Saltoun, and the Governor's eloquent  
speech, but of the whole day. "We  
recognize an ancient bard. We con-  
gratulate him. The scripture says that  
the days of man are three score and ten,  
and when they are four score they are  
full of labor and trouble; yet our guest  
may repeat the words of Longfellow, and  
declare with him that his years are not  
weary, that he has scattered blessings  
o'er a smiling land, and reads his history  
in a nation's eyes."

The Handel and Haydn singers gave  
the "Hallelujah" chorus from the Mes-  
siah, and then the Governor introduced  
Dr. Smith, who was received with a  
storm of applause, not concluded until  
the Governor had led three cheers and a  
tiger. Besides the remarks, for which  
we have not space, Dr. Smith told this  
story of how he came to write the  
national anthem:

"One dismal day in the month of Feb-  
ruary, 1823, when I was a student of  
theology at the Theological Seminary in  
Andover, I stood in front of one of the  
windows of the room in which I resided.  
In turning over the leaves of one of the  
books I at length came upon a tune  
which instantly impressed me as being  
one of great simplicity, and I thought  
that with a great choir, either of chil-  
dren or older persons, such a tune would  
be very valuable, and that something  
good might come out of it. I just  
glanced at my left hand to a table  
that stood near me and picked up a scrap  
of waste paper—for I have a passion for  
writing on scraps of waste paper, there  
seems to be a kind of inspiration in them  
—and immediately began to write. In  
half an hour, I think, I had written the  
first stanza. I took my seat, the words stood upon  
the paper substantially as you have them to-  
day. I did not think very much of the  
words. I did not think I had written a  
national hymn. I had no intention of  
doing such a thing, but there it stood. I  
dropped it into my portfolio, and it  
passed out of my memory, and for a  
long, long time it did not come into my  
mind that I had done any such thing.

Some time afterward, while visiting  
Boston, I took with me a collection of  
hymns and songs which I had written for  
my friend, John Mason—"Murmur, Gentle  
Lyre," was one of them—and placed them  
in his hands. I think this little  
waif must have found its way into that  
collection, but I was none the wiser for  
it, and never asked what he had done or  
was going to do with it.

On the following 4th of July, however,  
while attending Park street church, where  
a celebration by children was going on,  
I discovered that Mr. Mason had put my  
hymn on the programme, and at the  
close of the ceremony the piece was sung.  
I do not know how many of this audi-  
ence were present on that occasion. The  
impression is that the hymn is older than  
any of you—certainly older than any  
lady present. Mr. Mason, about that  
time being the leader of the choir, either  
at Bowdoin street church or Park street  
church, was desirous of gathering a  
number of young children into a Satur-  
day evening singing school, in order that  
he might have a little reservoir of sweet  
voices with which to replenish his choir  
on the Sabbath day, and he was glad, as

## THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. April 11, 1895.

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### CITY NEWS.

The next sensation is the Easter  
bonnet.

—The Maule party are now enjoying  
themselves in Italy.

—Mayflowers are with us. A lot of  
exquisite perfume for five cents.

—Business is booming with the Ed-  
wards Company.

—There is a good rise in the Kenne-  
bec, the water being over the wharves.  
No damage has been done.

—A patent has been granted to Zach.  
T. Furush and G. A. Staples of this city  
for a trolley.

—A violent thunder tempest took  
place yesterday morning, at quarter past  
two.

—A banquet is to be given by the  
Board of Trade at Hotel North this  
(Thursday) evening.

—Flocks of wild geese, going north-  
ward, make musical the morning and  
evening air.

—All the churches will have special  
services in recognition of Easter, on  
Sunday.

—Alvin Leighton of this city thought  
he better not testify before the grand  
jury, but after spending a couple of days  
and nights in jail he changed his mind.

—It will be gratifying to all old people  
to learn that the Methodist church has  
asked Rev. Mr. Cummings, the pastor,  
to remain another year.

—Monday evening there was a slight  
fire in a house on Chestnut street, occu-  
pied by Wm. Dill, and owned by Lendall  
Titcomb. Small damage.

—The blessed rain—it came just in  
time to raise the streams, "settle" the  
roads, and extract the remaining frost  
from the earth.

—On Monday evening, at Meonlan  
Hall, occurs the second annual ball of  
the Augusta Typographical Union. The  
printers have made arrangements for a  
splendid time.

—Mr. C. Lewis Counce has purchased  
of the John L. Stevens estate the lot on  
the north corner of Chestnut and Lincoln  
streets, and will this season erect a house  
thereon for his own use.

—An alarm of fire was rung in Sat-  
urday morning, about 11.10, for a slight  
fire in the tenement house on Mill street,  
owned by M. M. Stone. The fire caught  
about the chimney in the upper story,  
but was extinguished before any serious  
damage was done.

—The members of the new city gov-  
ernment had a grand banquet, Monday  
evening, in the banquet hall of the new  
Masonic Temple. Besides the social  
features, some very practical suggestions  
were made as to the manner of running  
the city government the present year.

—The beautiful Masonic Hall was used  
for the first time Friday evening, on the  
occasion of the installation of the newly  
elected officers of Trinity Commandery.  
The elegant and spacious banquet hall  
was opened for the first time. The  
Masonic order in New England has no  
better or more beautiful quarters.

—The teachers selected for the sub-  
urban schools and a few others met the  
committee, Saturday, for examination  
by the Supervisor, Rev. J. M. Wyman.  
In justice to them it should be said that  
the examinations were highly satisfac-  
tory. Not one failed. They showed  
great familiarity with a wide range of  
subjects and proved themselves fully  
equal to the occasion.

—Mr. Arthur B. Morrison of Portland  
died Thursday morning from a stroke of  
paralysis, sustained Wednesday night.  
He had been in his usual health. He  
was for a long time employed in the  
jewelry store of Carter Bros., later he  
was in business for himself on Congress  
street, Portland, but for a few years he  
has devoted his time to the management  
of the Portland Cecilia Quartette, of which  
his wife, Mrs. Jennie King Morrison, is a  
member, and which has appeared in this  
city several times. Mr. Morrison had  
many friends here.

—Mr. Samuel Burbank, one of Aug-  
usta's oldest and most respected citi-  
zens, passed away at his home on Winter  
street, Sunday noon, after an illness of  
several months. Mr. Burbank was con-  
nected with what is now known as the  
Edwards Manufacturing Co. for over  
forty consecutive years, and had spent  
largely of his life in this city. He was  
a member of the Free Baptist church,  
and was one of the original  
members of that denomination in this  
city. He was a consecrated and devout  
Christian. The deceased was over 80  
years of age, and is survived by a wife  
and two sons.

—At the meeting of the city govern-  
ment, Tuesday evening, various petitions  
were put in for sidewalks, sewers and  
street lamps. An order was passed  
authorizing the Mayor to purchase 18,000  
split granite paving blocks for use on  
Water street, the expense to be charged  
to the special appropriation on high-  
ways. An order was passed authorizing  
the Mayor and City Treasurer to make a  
temporary loan not exceeding \$30,000 in  
anticipation of taxes assessed. H. H.  
Rice, J. J. Maher and others petition for  
a license to run a steam boiler in the  
new building being erected on State  
street by the Clover Medicine Co. This  
was tabled pending notice for hearing.  
Several large petitions were presented,  
asking for an annual appropriation of  
\$100 for the public library, on con-  
dition that the library be made free to  
residents of Augusta.

—The annual spring meeting of the  
New England base ball league was held  
in Boston, Wednesday, and was the  
largest attended and most enthusiastic  
in the history of the league. A fran-  
chise was granted to the association in  
Augusta, known as the Kennebec Valley  
Company, which controls the grounds in  
Augusta, and will have games at Gard-  
ner and other neighboring towns. Stock  
is now being sold, and a team here seems  
to be assured. Games will be played in  
Augusta on the following dates: Brock-  
ton club, May 8, 9, June 14, 15, July 20,  
22, August 22, 23; Pawtucket, May 10,  
11, June 12, 13, July 24, August



## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

## RISEN.

BY G. E. L.

I planted a bulb in that dark mold;  
I hardly thought it would ever grow  
And burst into beauty like the snow,  
Bringing brightness to a room so old;  
Yet the moistened earth and the sun,  
As it shone down on it, was so bright  
It quickened and its work was begun.  
Ere long it peeped out and saw the life,  
Pushed its leaves farther to view all strife.

Eager pines marvelled and watched it grow;  
At last, when forth came the flower stem  
Filled with buds of beauty, it was then  
Each watched the unfolding buds of snow.  
Then marvelled beauty filled the room,  
When each petal spread out to the light,  
Stretched forth its flower heads—beautiful  
—sight—  
For the room so old was void of gloom.

'Twas Easter Sunday; the sermon begun  
A grand discourse, how the Christ, though  
Dead,  
Rose; and he, now he had risen, led  
Many an unbeliever to the end,  
To believe on Him, and then  
Only nature's beauties spread about,  
Flowers that were brought from without,  
Casting round the beauty of God's law.

The law causing the flowers to bloom,  
And each one after that of its kind.  
In front and one of a lowly mind,  
Whose deeds had made him share prison  
gloom.  
On passing the church he was drawn in,  
And wandered far to the front to view  
The flowers of every kind and hue,  
But none so darkly painted as his sin.

Our flower was in front, and near by  
Had been placed a bulb, as dark and old  
As the one that was sunk in the mold.  
Months before, it caught the convict's eye;  
He read a story in that flower;  
Drew a higher thought, and last was led  
To the grand life that the preacher said  
Would be the result when all power

Works in harmony for all that's good.  
The convict heart, but from the flower  
He drew a sermon in that hour.  
Which portrayed to him that if he would,  
He could begin life anew once more.  
And with hope gained from the lily's root,  
With new-born faith, and truest power;  
He went away from the old church door.

'Twas the next day when the people came  
To bear flowers from the church away,  
They saw a card by the lily lay,  
And this was the message that it bore:  
"Christ rose in beauty—chaste was his life—  
He rose in purity, truth and power;  
But never till this morning—  
"Have I known the truth, he taught in strife."

"God is love," for 'tis the blackened seed  
He warns and tends until within  
It longs once more the light to win;  
It peers without; God's love will still lead;  
The good grows on stronger than the weeds;  
It will show flowers pure and white  
Bloom at last in God's holy light;  
The pure stalk rises with the world needs.

## EASTER DAY.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

The light of Easter morning  
Is breaking in the skies.  
The radiance of its dawning  
Delights our wistful eyes.  
The April sun is flooding  
Once more the forest's gloom;  
The arbutus is budding,  
And snowy wild-flowers bloom.  
To us, this Easter morning,  
Come, Christ, and show us how  
Let hope, within us dawning,  
Drive doubt and sloth away.  
Like sunlight, blossoms wooing  
From earth's reluctant soil,  
Look Thou upon us, Jesus,  
Our tasks; transform our toil!  
Our hearts, Thy love confessing,  
Shall take Thy holy dower;  
Our lives, enriched with blessing,  
In deeds of love shall flower!  
Thou givest joy for sadness,  
Even so, our hearts shall bear  
And scatter seeds of gladness,  
For we Thy work would share!  
Where hourly duties wait,  
Or where grief's shadows fall,  
The Easter light shall greet us,  
The Easter voices call:  
"Come forth, more freely sharing  
Thy gifts with others' need;  
Who goes in love forth-faring  
Shall meet his Lord indeed!"  
Augusta.

## Our Story Teller.

## THE ODD TRICK.

## How Wilfred Endicott Got His Letters Back.

Letters Back.

"Lucille!"  
"El, I beg your pardon, Gilbert, did you speak to me?"  
"Speak to you? I asked you three times to give me another cup of coffee."

"Did you, dear? I'm so sorry!" and Mrs. Corin extended a slim white hand for the coffee-pot.

"May I ask what so engrossed your thoughts?" inquired her husband, a little irritably.

Lucille smiled. "Oh, you'll only laugh at me if I tell you."

"Never mind; what was it?" reiterated her husband, a little mollified.

"I was thinking of some lovely Turkish embroidery they showed me at Liberty's yesterday, and—"

"My dear girl, what can you possibly do with Turkish embroidery?" interrupted Mr. Corin, impatiently.

"Well, do you know that what I've been wondering ever since, and I've just discovered—"

"But—"

"Yes," continued Lucille, regardless of the impatient monosyllable, "I think it would look perfectly lovely to trim a tea gown; it could outline a sort of crepe de Chine you know, and undeniably—"

"Tut! tut! I don't want you decked out like a harem in a harem."

"Gilbert!"

"I don't like these new-fangled things women get up in to look like figures on a Japanese fan—"

"But, my dear husband, there's nothing Japanese about Turkish embroidery!" exclaimed Lucille, as she pushed back her chair from the breakfast table.

"Never mind, I don't like this; besides, you are really too extravagant, Lucille. I can't see the necessity for all these wonderful toilettes."

"My dear Gilbert, don't talk about things you don't understand."

"And, gathering up the small pile of letters that were beside her plate, Mrs. Corin made her way to the door."

"Oh, by the way," said her husband, a little hesitatingly, "do you very much mind giving up the Claytons' ball to-night?"

"Giving up their ball? Why, in the name of all that's reasonable, should I do that?"

"Because I ask you."

Mrs. Corin shrugged her shoulders in silence.

"You will write to excuse yourself?"

"Certainly not. Why, I've got a perfect dream of a gown to wear, and I mean to thoroughly enjoy myself."  
"That is to say, you intend to make yourself conspicuous by your flirtations, as usual," Lucille laughed.  
"I will not allow it. You shall not go on in this ridiculous fashion."  
"My dear Gilbert, don't you think that it is you who are ridiculous just now? You silly fellow," she continued, drawing near him, "what does it matter to you if half the men in the room are in love with me, when you know that I'm not in love with them? There, don't talk nonsense, and be off to your ride."

"Why don't you come, too?" asked her husband, half mollified again.

"—Oh, no! I couldn't possibly spare the time; dear, heaps of things to do, and letters to write! Good-by for the present."

And with a laughing farewell she tripped out of the room.

The smiles, however, vanished as she sank into a low chair in her boudoir, and picked one note out of the heap that lay in her lap. Mrs. Corin's pretty dainties disappeared, and her brows contracted into a frown as she read:

"DEAR MRS. CORIN: You know, of course, that I am engaged to Miss Kathleen Mayse. Don't you think that, under the circumstances, it would be better for me to return to my very foolish effusions of mine which you still have? I am sure you will see the advisability of this, and will be good enough to give the packet to my friend Applegarth, who will call upon you at 12 this morning."

"Yours sincerely, W. E."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Lucille, when she had re-read the letter for the third time. "Engaged to Kathleen Mayse, indeed! Engaged to her thousands, he ought to have said—a horrid, plain little red-haired thing, without an idea in her head. It is perfectly disgusting, the things men will do for money; but I did think Wilfrid was different. I did believe in him at least." And she rose from her chair indignantly. "Why, not a year ago he was ready to blow his brains out because I would not marry him, and now—"

She finished her sentence with a dramatic gesture worthy of Duse herself.

A dangerous little person she looked as she paced up and down the pretty boudoir. The fact was that Mrs. Corin was suffering acutely from a complaint which in her nursery days was called "dog-in-the-manger-ness."

Married before the close of her first season to one whose hold on life and fortune were alike more unstable than she was, she had been left a widow with an income which allowed small margin for opera boxes or Parisian toilettes, both of which, with her taste, she was exceedingly fond of.

Launched among a certain set, however, she was swimming with the stream to no very safe port when Gilbert Corin—an elderly banker—came, and was conquered.

Some one says somewhere that there are no wedding bells which do not ring the knell of somebody's happiness; and certainly Lucille's second marriage morning Wilfrid Endicott might well have been dubbed the "Knights of the Rueful Countenance." He and the pretty little widow had, for some time before Corin's appearance upon the scene, been engaged in a very serious flirtation—so serious, indeed, that when her elderly sister declared him unworthy, and she murmured the fateful "yes," she had never approached a quail of conscience than she had ever experienced.

Without doubt had Wilfrid been suitably endowed with this world's goods there would have been small chance for Gilbert, but as things were, "marriage was a luxury they could not afford," as Lucille told the angry young man when he came to upbraid her for her faithlessness. The little woman was not without a taste for dramatic situations, and on the whole she rather enjoyed her farewell interview with Wilfrid; she wept a little in a becoming fashion, and gave utterance to a few sentiments of the "Blanche Amory" type, and ended by saying that she would like to keep his letters as a souvenir of their "dream."

Though she had laid express commands on Wilfrid as to their conduct to each other after her marriage, Lucille had no intention of their being obeyed; unfortunately, however, and as every silver lining has its dark cloud, Gilbert Corin was as jealous as a Moor, and some whispers concerning his wife and Endicott having reached his ears, it was speedily made clear to Wilfrid that Mr. Corin was by means likely to find a place among the marital complainers.

Acting on the principle that when a man's heart is broken he gathers up the pieces and melts them together again at the nearest candle, Wilfrid had gone to Kathleen Mayse for consolation, which consolation was possibly all the more effective than, as a set-off, he had hair and hazel eyes, the young lady was sole heiress to one of the richest ironfounders in England.

The engagement had been formally announced a few days ago, and somehow Lucille's maid had not found that her lot lay among the lilies and roses of life ever since; and this letter capped everything—she calmly impersonated the goddess of discretion, and handed anyone to anyone—her hands clenched as she thought of the contents of the packet that she was so summarily called on to deliver up to Mr. Corin.

Mrs. Corin unlocked a drawer in her writing table and took out a small parcel neatly tied up and docketed: "Letters from W. June-August, 1893."

She untied it and glanced over one or two of the most passionate.

"To think that he could write like that, and then be so utterly faithless," she exclaimed. "I've a good mind to send the whole lot to that Mayse girl!" She paused. It would be a delightful way of doing things to do it, she thought, French novels and Dumas' plays. "No; it wouldn't be safe. There's no knowing, she might make a scandal, and if it got to Gilbert's ears it might be awkward. No, I suppose, there's nothing to do, after all, but meekly deliver them up. How wretchedly tame; what a stupid, commonplace ending!"

"You've come for a parcel for me, Endicott? So sorry to have given so much trouble. Thank you. Good morning!"

No, I won't! I can't let it end like that. Wilfrid shall come for them himself, of course. I'll tell this man so; he shall come to-morrow morning. I'll receive him here, and we will say our last good-by."

Mrs. Corin's busy brain immediately went to work with the mission—scene—the gown she would wear, the attitude she would assume, the words she would use—ah, Wilfrid should remember that interview; she was telling

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herself, when the maid brought her a card.

"Show Mr. Applegarth in here."

He bowed a little stiffly as he advanced; and certainly, if he was not suffering from nervousness, Lucille's manner was not calculated to reassure him!

"Mr. Applegarth, will you be good enough to sit down?"

The young man took the seat she indicated, and began:

"Endicott told me you would be kind enough to receive me, and—"

"May I ask what else Mr. Endicott has thought fit to tell you?"

Applegarth looked up in surprise. It was rather the tone one might use to a presuming footman.

"No doubt you are acquainted with the whole story," she continued loftily.

"I am aware that there are certain letters of Endicott's in your possession, which he thinks you would be glad to get rid of; and as such things occasionally miscarry in the post, he fancied that the simplest way would be for you to give them into my charge; that is all I know of, or care for, in the matter."

"Why did not Mr. Endicott come for them himself?"

Applegarth suppressed a smile.

"It would not have been quite wise—would it? He is not, I believe, a regular visitor at your house."

"Neither are you."

"True; but I am also a total stranger, whereas he was—I mean that every one knows that you—that is, he concluded hurriedly, "as you were formerly acquainted, comments might be made if he were seen doing so unusual a thing as calling upon you."

"Oh! is Miss Mayse so jealous, then?"

The ambassador became interested in a minute speck upon his coat sleeve, and made no reply.

"Here are the letters," continued Lucille, after a pause, holding up the little packet; "but you can tell Mr. Endicott from me that unless he comes for them himself they shall not leave my hands."

"But, Mrs. Corin—"

"I am quite determined. Your friend can call upon me to-morrow morning at half-past eleven. I shall be quite free then, and—"

"He cannot possibly do that—"

"Why not?"

"He has to travel up to the north this evening, with Mr. Mayse on business, and he is particularly anxious that—"

"What can it possibly matter to him whether the letters remain with me a few days longer? Is he afraid that I may address them to Miss Mayse by mistake?"

Applegarth hurriedly denied a was a trifle too emphatic not to have a doubt ring about it, and Mrs. Corin was too keen not to notice it. He was afraid of her. Then he would put off the journey and come to her.

"Let me entreat you, Mrs. Corin, to reconsider the matter. It would make things so much easier for everyone if you would trust me! Won't you seal up the letters and let me take them away?"

"I have already told you that I will give them to no one but Mr. Endicott."

"But—"

"My mind is made up; thank you very much for the trouble you have taken, and excuse me, if I must wish you good morning. I have some shopping to do."

"If you would—"

"Mrs. Corin is in the boudoir, you said."

"My husband!" exclaimed Lucille in consternation; "what shall I do?"

Applegarth looked in surprise at her changed countenance. Was the worthy banker a veritable Othello, that she appeared so alarmed as he stood there, the letters still in her hand. As the handle of the door turned she looked round wildly for some hiding place for them, and then suddenly catching sight of a pale green card-box, with a big gold "Liberty" painted upon it, she flung them hastily into it, jammed down the lid, and sank into a chair, just as Mr. Corin appeared on the threshold.

"Lucille—oh! I beg pardon," he added, stopping as he noticed Applegarth, and glaring at him with an air of suspicion. "I did not know that you were engaged," he continued, addressing his wife, who was nervously fidgeting with her rings, in a way that was anything but reassuring. "Have I disturbed you?"

Applegarth stepped forward quickly. "I was endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Corin to purchase some of our newly imported goods."

"Then—"

"I am a traveler for Messrs. Liberty & Co.,"

he continued boldly, seizing the box while Lucille gazed at him with wide-open eyes.

"See," said Corin, without relaxing his frown; "you've come about the Turkish embroidery, I suppose?"

"Exactly," replied Applegarth, promptly.

"It seems to me that shopkeepers do quite enough in their showrooms to induce people to spend money uselessly without pestering them at home."

"We only venture to call on our old customers," explained the young man, apologetically, "and really this embroidery is so very beautiful."

"Yes, I dare say," interrupted the banker, "but I particularly dislike that sort of thing; so gaudy and—"

"Oh, excuse me!" exclaimed Mr. Corin, checking what looked like a tendency to display his wares, "it's quite useless. Mrs. Corin does not wish any of your embroidery."

"Oh, but I do, Gilbert," put in Lucille, anxiously. "I do very much."

"There is a lovely strip here for twenty pounds sterling!" interposed Applegarth, at random.

"Twenty pounds sterling!" cried the banker; "twenty pounds sterling! Per-

fectly preposterous. Certainly not. We don't want your embroidery; we won't have it, do you understand? Good morning."

"Good morning," replied the other, quietly, taking up the bandbox.

"Oh, but won't you leave the box?" cried Lucille, hurriedly, "perhaps—"

"No, no, take it away; I hate those sort of things lumbering up the place."

Applegarth bowed and the door closed on him—and the box. The next moment Lucille's sobs caused her husband to turn towards her with astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter?"

A fresh burst of weeping was his only answer.

"You are a good unkind—to me," came brokenly from behind the flimsy bit of embroidered muslin that did duty for a handkerchief.

"Unkind? What nonsense!—because I won't let you throw away money by handfuls on mere nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense! Besides, you always say that—"

"My dear child," he said, soothingly, "the little frame shook with hysterical emotion."

"Oh, I know, you don't care about me now; you think I'm silly and frivolous, and—"

"I think you are the sweetest little goose in the world," he ejaculated, as he drew her hands away from her face, and looked into a pair of blue eyes that possessed the rare and enviable quality of looking all the prettier through a few tears.

"No, you don't," and a big drop that had trembled on the eyelashes fell with a splash upon his hand, and Lucille knew by experience that the battle was won—"you never let me have my own way."

"It isn't that," she said, with a shake of the head and only half yielding to his endearing arm.

"Surely you wouldn't cry about the embroidery, darling?"

"I did want it so much, and—"

"You silly child! Well, dry the tears, you shall have it; we'll send after the man at once; he can't have got very far; or I'll round up to Liberty's myself. Will that do?"

Before Lucille could answer, however, the maid appeared at the door, holding the fateful green box.

"Please, madam, the gentleman said that perhaps the box had better be left till the firm's cart called for it."

"There, isn't that lucky?" said Mr. Corin, as he smilingly placed the box on his wife's lap. "Now, you've got all you want."

But having taken out every separate piece of embroidery several times, Mrs. Corin did not think it so lucky. She found that she had by no means got all she wanted, and while she cried with rage, Wilfrid Endicott and his friend shouted with laughter. Of such comings in our little life composed—London Truth.

## A RIMAU DAHAN.

## The Adventure of Two Little Girls in Sumatra.

Near the southern tip point of Sumatra, one of the largest islands of the East Indian archipelago, there lived, a few miles inland from Sunda Strait, two American families whom I will call, respectively, Mowbray and Sherwood, the head of the former owning a coffee plantation and that of the latter a large area of rice fields.

The Mowbrays had but one child, a few, mainly boy of sixteen, while the Sherwoods were the happy parents of two charming little girls, the elder named Lillian and the younger, Lulu.

Many years ago, while making a prolonged stay in southern Sumatra and an exploration of some of the smaller adjacent islands, I became acquainted with both these families, and was much surprised to find that neither knew of the other's existence, though their estates were separated only by a wide bay, running not very far inland.

This state of things I determined to remedy on the earliest opportunity, feeling sure that these "strangers in a strange land"—my own countrymen—would take much comfort in each other's society. But the pleasant task of introduction was taken out of my hands in an unexpected and rather singular manner. One day Lillian and Lulu Sherwood, ever in search of novelties, had wandered, unattended, nearly a mile from home and were gathering flowers along the edge of a bush path, which ran through a luxuriant grove of coconut palms and wild orange trees, when they were so startled by the sudden appearance of a horseman, coming around a bend in the path on a gallop, that they involuntarily screamed out in fright.

The rider, a bright-faced boy, carrying a silver-mounted rifle and bedstriding a beautiful Arab mare, instantly drew up, raised his hat, and said: "I beg your pardon, young ladies. I'm very sorry to have frightened you, but I did not see you at all. My name is Ernest Mowbray. My father is a coffee planter, and we live about six miles from here, on the other side of the big bay."

"Oh, we're not a bit frightened," replied Lillian. "We are Mr. Sherwood's little girls. Our papa owns those rice fields over there, and it's only a little way to our house. We were just picking some of these flowers; they're so different from those in our own country. We came from the United States of America only two months ago, and everything here seems very strange to us."

While the child was speaking, Ernest removed his hat entirely; and when she uttered the words "United States" with such evident pride he smiled delightedly, bent almost to his saddle bow, apologized once more, and rode slowly away.

"My! what a nice, polite boy; he speaks English, too; not that horrid Dutch and Malay and Chinese we hear every day!" exclaimed Lillian.

"Yes, and he called us young ladies!" chimed in Lulu.

"Well, I'm sure we are young ladies; I'm past ten and you're nearly nine."

Sagely rejoined Lillian. "But I do wish the boy had stayed longer, so we could have a good look at his pretty gun and the lovely horse he is riding; or it, but very naturally, considering its rarity and the incidents of its acquisition, he said that 'no amount of money could buy it'—a speech which rather pleased me than otherwise, as proving the youth to be as true a gentleman as sportsman."

Before leaving the country, however, I myself was lucky enough to shoot a

few huge wild orange trees and a clump or two of giant cacti. As they carelessly approached one of the latter, Lulu cried out: "Oh, listen! see that curious-looking dog lying under the big cactus. He's got a pretty red bird between his paws and is going to eat it. Let's go and kick him away."

And the two innocents walked straight toward a full-grown "clouded" or "torse-shell tiger!"

This creature, really a species of leopard, and found only in Sumatra, is called by the natives "rimau dahan," a name which means, I believe, a name of forked trees. During my stay on the island I saw but two specimens of this, one of the rarest and most beautiful of the cat family.

The animal is nearly as large as the leopard of India, and of similar arboreal habits, though ordinarily not so fierce and dangerous. Its markings are quite unique, somewhat resembling those of the true tiger and leopard, and yet not precisely similar to either, presenting, as they do, a strange admixture of tiger-like stripes, leopard-like spots, and hollow, disk-like patches, resembling those of the jaguar. The general ground color of the fur is gray, and along the back of an adult rimau dahan run two bands of glossy black, extending from the head to the root of the tail, which last is very long and covered by dark rings, not greatly dissimilar to those of the American raccoon. The creature's legs are singularly powerful and its talons long and sharp, so that, if so inclined, it can prove a terrible foe to man or beast, though it usually preys, I was told, upon Sumatra hunters, only upon birds, monkeys, the young of deer and other forest animals.

When the little flower pickers got close to the supposed dog, Lillian said: "Why, Lulu, that is not a dog at all! It looks like some of the wild beasts I've seen in picture books. See how its back is bristling and its tail puffing out, just like our old cat when she's angry; and oh! it's beginning to snarl and growl, too. Let's run away! It might eat us!"

But soon as the children turned to fly, the rimau dahan, which would probably have itself retreated in another moment, took courage, and, with a long, light bound, pounced upon them, knocking both down with two apparently playful taps of its fore-paws, in which, as yet, it kept its formidable claws completely sheathed.

Then, seemingly delighted with such novel game, the creature began to leap and frisk about, exactly as does the domestic cat when tantalizing a captive mouse. Sometimes, after crouching low, it would spring far above the heads of the prostrate little ones; at other times it would lie down, with a paw upon each, and graciously purr, as if fondling its own young; again, it would roll them gently over and over, wondering, perhaps, what their outward covering—neither fur nor feathers—could possibly be.

At first the poor children were so paralyzed with fright that they could not cry out, but soon both began to scream: "Papa, papa! papa! Come, come; oh, come quick!"

So far from frightening the "tiger," these cries seemed merely to make it angry. It began to haul down the captives and to roar roughly, sometimes protruding its claws, and switching its great tail excitedly from side to side.

Though certainly not hungry, the terribly beautiful beast was gradually giving way to its fierce instinct, and the danger of the helpless infants was now imminent, for if, while repeatedly hooked into their clothing, they attempted to rise, the sharp talons should chance to draw blood, all would be over in a moment.

This strange situation had lasted, Lillian thought, about fifteen minutes; she and Lulu exhausted by screaming were pitifully clasped in each other's arms, and the rimau dahan, no longer irritated by their cries, stood a few feet away, attentively watching them.

Then, as the children, who were now almost as much as the cat's paws, Ernest Mowbray and his trained Arab dashed from out the encircling wood, and before the great spotted cat could escape, rode straight over it and hurled it, now screaming with rage



